THE GREEN DEATH
DOCTOR WHO
SPACE & TIME
A86
code: TTT ~ Robert Sloman
CMS

When a miner in the Welsh village of Llanfairfach is found dead and glowing a fluorescent green, UNIT is called in. Both the Brigadier and Jo prepare to go to Wales: the former to investigate security at a Global Chemicals plant, the latter to meet Professor Cliff Jones, a young scientist who believes Global's technology will destroy the local wildlife. The Doctor, however, is determined finally to go to Metabelis Three in the TARDIS.

The Brigadier drops Jo off at the Professor's home - the Wholeweal Community, or 'Nuthutch'. He then visits Stevens, Director of Global. He agrees to look after the company, but insists on investigating the strange death.

The Doctor arrives on Metabelis Three and discovers that the plant and animal life is distinctly hostile. Eventually he escapes back to the TARDIS and returns to Earth, where he agrees to join the Brigadier in Wales.

Jo meets Cliff Jones, who explains that he fears Global is pumping industrial waste into the old mines. Jo suggests they go and investigate, but he dismisses the idea. In anger, Jo goes alone and meets Bert, a miner who is about to descend into the pit to look for a missing colleague. The Doctor and the Brigadier arrive just in time to save them from plummeting to their deaths in a sabotaged lift cage. However, the lift jams, trapping Jo and Bert underground. Making for an emergency shaft, they find the missing man. He is dead, his body glowing green.

The Doctor tries to borrow some cutting equipment from Global, but Stevens and his associates - some of whom have been brainwashed - are obstructive, claiming they have no such equipment. In the tunnels, meanwhile, Jo and Bert discover some green slime. When Bert touches it he becomes infected, soon growing too weak to walk. He urges Jo to leave him behind, and reluctantly she does so.

The mine's lift system is freed using cutting gear from a local garage, and the Doctor goes down with a rescue team. He finds Jo, but they are then attacked by giant maggots! They manage to escape by riding in a coal cart through a lake of green slime. Coming to the end of the track, they climb up a tunnel, where the Doctor discovers some huge eggs. He takes one for later examination. The tunnel eventually leads into a pipeline at the Global plant. They get out just before it is flooded with chemical waste, and finally escape back to the 'Nuthutch'.

Stevens sends a thug, Hinks, to collect the egg which the Doctor found in the mine. However, it has now hatched: a maggot emerges and attacks Hinks, killing him. Captain Yates infiltrates Global posing as a 'man from the Ministry', but is unable to prevent Stevens blowing up the mine in an attempt to bury the maggots. The creatures are not trapped, but begin burrowing up to the surface.

Jo accidentally spills some fungus on the samples of maggot slime which Cliff has been studying. To make amends, she goes off to try and capture a maggot. The Doctor, meanwhile, steals back into Global. He learns from Yates that the plant is controlled from the top floor, and makes his way there. He is welcomed by the deep, booming voice of a huge computer - the plant's BOSS.

Cliff goes after Jo, and they take cover as the RAF bomb the area in the hope of destroying the maggots.

At Global, BOSS fails to brainwash the Doctor and decides that he must be destroyed. Yates helps to free the Time Lord, but is caught and hypnotised himself.

The bombing was ineffective, but the Doctor and Benton are able to rescue Jo and Cliff and take them back to the Nuthutch. There, however, Cliff falls ill, a green stain spreading on his neck - he has been infected! The Doctor tries to find a cure for the infection, puzzled by the Professor's earlier reference to 'serendipity' - a discovery by accident. The answer comes when a maggot eats some fungus like that which Jo spilt, and dies.

Yates tries to kill the Doctor, but the Time Lord uses a blue crystal he found on Metabelis Three to break the hypnosis. Benton then arrives with a maggot skin - the creatures are beginning to pupate! The Doctor and Benton load up Bessie with fungus and throw it to the maggots, to lethal effect. However, they are then attacked by a giant fly - the next stage in the maggot life-cycle. The Doctor ensnares the creature in his cloak, killing it. Realising that BOSS plans to take over the world by linking itself to every major computer, he then returns to Global. There, he uses his crystal to break the computer's control over Stevens. Once free, Stevens destroys BOSS. The Doctor escapes just in time as the factory explodes.

Recovering, Cliff startles Jo by asking her to accompany him on a trip up the Amazon - and to marry him! She agrees, and the Doctor gives her the blue crystal as a wedding present. As a party gets into full swing, the Time Lord slips quietly away.

PHK -14- 13.

(Recording Pause)

/2B,4C,C1,D1,1B,B2/

27. 1 B /6. INT. UNIT H.Q. DOCTOR'S LAB. DAY.
MLS through doors across f/g counter. DR. and BRIG. in L. frame. Track out and pan them L. to 2-s fav. DR.

DOCTOR WHO: No, no, no.

BRIGADIER: But, Doctor, it's exactly your cup of tea. This fellow's bright green, apparently. And dead.

DOCTOR WHO: My dear Lethbridge Stewart, I'm not a policeman. Nor are you, for that matter.

28. 2 B /
MC 2-s DR./BRIG. Fav. BRIG.

BRIGADIER: Ah, well. International implications, you see. Possibility of sabotage at Universal Chemicals. UNIT's duty to protect them. My duty.

29. 4 C (Crabbed R.) /
MCU DR. Hold him to Tardis.

(DOCTOR WHO SMILES CHARMINGLY)

DOCTOR WHO: Then do your duty, Brigadier.

(HE GOES INTO THE TARDIS)

30. 2 B /
MS BRIG. Doors and JO b/g.

BRIGADIER: But Doctor ....

31. 1 B /
MLS JO. Hold her to f/g. MS BRIG. b/g.

(JO COMES IN WEARING HER OVERCOAT AND CARRYING A SMALL SUITCASE. SHE GOES TO PICK UP THE DAILY PAPER)

Ah, Miss Grant. I have a little job for you. I want you to come with me to...

JO: Oh, I'm awfully sorry. I can't.

(4 Next) -14-

PHK -15- 14.

(On 1 Shot 31)

BRIGADIER: Can't? May I remind you, Miss Grant ....

Crab L. with JO. Hold 2-s JO/BRIG.

JO: Oh yes, I know. Member of UNIT; orders; court martials and all but ... well, unless you actually arrest me ... I mean, actually sieze me and fling me into a dungeon or whatever, I ....

(THE DOCTOR HAS RETURNED)

LR. into L. b/g.

DOCTOR WHO: Ready Jo. Good, good. Let's be off, then.

32. 4 C /
MS JO. Pan her L. to M2-s DR./JO

JO: Oh dear. Doctor, I mean it. I'm going to South Wales. They must be stopped.

33. 2 B /
MS BRIG.

34. 1 B /
MCU-s DR./JO/BRIG.

BRIGADIER: Who must be stopped?

JO: Global Chemicals, of course. Can't you see the harm this go-ahead will do?

BRIGADIER: No, Miss Grant, I can't. Cheap petrol and lots of it? Exactly what the world needs.

JO: No! It's time to call a halt! It's time the world awoke to the alarm bell of pollution instead of rushing down the slippery slope of ... of ... whatever it is.

DOCTOR WHO: A very pretty mixed metaphor.

35. 2 B /
MS BRIG.

BRIGADIER: I seem to recognise the style. This fellow Jones, isn't it? The Nutcake Professor, the papers call him, don't they?

36. 1 B /
MCU JO

JO: That doesn't make him wrong, does it?

37. 2 B /
MCU BRIG.

(4 Next) -15-

PHK (On 2 Shot 37) -16- 15.

BRIGADIER: And you want to go down to help him, in his noble fight against the windmills? Down to Llanfairfach?

38. 4 C /
M2-s DR./JO. Pan JO. R. to M2-s JO/BRIG.

JO: I'm sorry sir. I'm going. Even if it means resigning from UNIT.

BRIGADIER: Ah. Yes. Well, we can discuss that on the way down, can't we?

Hold BRIG. to L. b/g.

JO: You mean ...?

BRIGADIER: You will at least accept a lift, I trust. Yes, Miss Grant. I'm going there too. And the Doctor, I hope.

39. 1 B (Crabbed R) /
MS DR.

(THE DOCTOR SMILES CHARMINGLY)

DOCTOR WHO: I'm going to Metebelis Three.

40. 2 B /
M2s DR./BRIG.

BRIGADIER: I wouldn't like to have to order you, Doctor ...

41. 1 B /
MCU DR.

DOCTOR WHO: I wouldn't advise you to try!

42. 2 B /
MCU BRIG. Let BRIG. go.

BRIGADIER: Mm. Ten minutes, Miss Grant.

43. 4 C (HE STALKS OUT) /
MCU DR.

DOCTOR WHO: Metebelis Three. Or where would you like to go? Choose for yourself.

44. 2 B /
MCU JO

JO: Please. I've got only ten minutes .... /

45. 4 C
A/B

(2 Next) -16-

PHK (On 4 Shot 45) -17- 16.

DOCTOR WHO: You've got all the time there is. And all the space. I'm offering them to you.

46. 2 B /
MS JO. Pan her L. to M2-s Fav. JO.

JO: Don't you understand, Doctor? I've got to go. This Professor Jones, well, he's fighting for everything that's important - the sort of thing you've always fought for.

47. 4 C /
CU DR.

48. 2 B /
CU JO.

JO: In a way, he reminds me of ... well ... a sort of ... a younger you ...

49. 4 C /
CU DR.

DOCTOR WHO: I don't know whether to feel flattered or insulted! (HE SMILES) Don't worry, I do understand.

50. 2 B /
C2-s DR./JO. Let Jo go.

JO: Oh, thank you, Doctor, thank you.

51. 1 B (KISS ON CHEEK) /
Suitcase f/g. LS JO/Dr. Hold JO to f/g.

(SHE RUNS TO PICK UP HER CASE. AS SHE REACHES THE DOOR, HE STOPS HER)

Jo,
DOCTOR WHO: Tell the Brigadier I'll follow you down. Later.

JO: Yes. Yes. Right. Goodbye.

52. 2 B /
MCU JO. Let her go.

(SHE GOES IN A WHIRL OF HAPPINESS)

53. 4 C /
MCU DR. Let him go.

DOCTOR WHO: The fledgling flies the coop. Ah well ....

54. 1 B Locked off for R.B.M. /
LS DR. and TARDIS

(HE GOES INTO THE TARDIS. IT DISAPPEARS)

/ROLL BACK 1 VT/ /MACHINE/ RECORDING BREAK STRIKE TARDIS

/S/B TK/
REPLAY V.T. MACHINE

MIX TO:

55. 1 B Locked off /
LS NO TARDIS

/CAMS/ Tardis going

/RUN TK/

(Film Next) - 17 -

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# STORY REVIEW

## Tim Robins

'The Green Death' has passed into popular memory as "that 'Doctor Who' story with the maggots".

In six episodes, Robert Sloman assembled an adventure that foreshadowed the tales of mutant rats, bats, crabs and, yes, even maggots which writers such as Guy N Smith and James Herbert were soon to unleash on the reading public - ecological reworkings of the 1950s atom-bomb-spawns-giant-insect genre.

However 'Doctor Who', despite its frequent pretensions to adulthood, remains firmly trapped within the strictures of children's television, and is therefore unable to exploit the potential offered by such subject matter in quite the same way a Smith or Herbert novel would. Only one scene in 'The Green Death' comes close to their marrying of pornography and violence, where Jo - whose rendezvous with her lover has been thwarted by the Doctor - is stalked by a marvellously phallic maggot. The scene even includes voyeristic, maggot's-eye views of the intended victim!

The plot gathers together a bundle of prerequisite and disparate elements, most of which have been tried and tested in previous seasons. A chemical plant, under the control of a schizoid computer, pumps its waste products into old coal mines, resulting in a deadly green slime and mutant maggots whose bite spreads an infection that mutates and destroys human cells. Yes, it's all here. The coalmines recall all those underground tunnels, sewers, caves and drains through which Yeti, Cybermen, Silurians, Sea Devils - not to mention the odd blob of anti-matter - have previously lurched. Global Chemicals retreads the 'sinister industrial complex' path already well-worn in earlier Pertwee stories. Once again dreary middle-management is shown to be the pawn of hideous alien intelligence/insane computer/extra-dimensional squid (delete where appropriate).

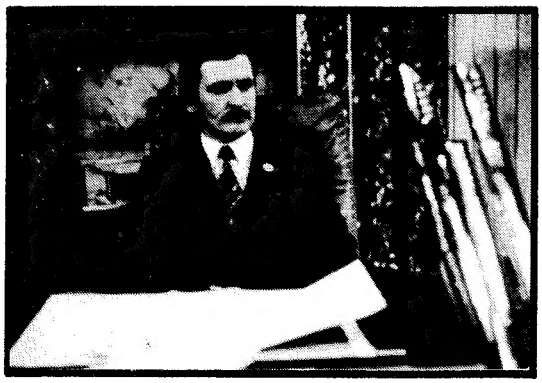
In the same spirit that saw the Daleks turned into time-and-motion experts, concerned more with productivity levels than with galactic conquest ('Day of the Daleks' (Serial "KKK")), we are introduced to BOSS, the latest aid to better management.

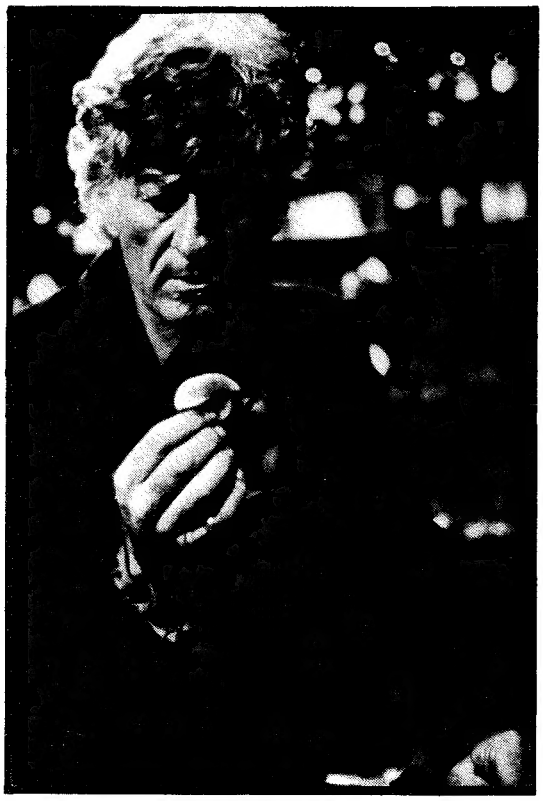
Specific scenes seem to have been lifted from favourite stories in 'Doctor Who's' canon of Earth-bound adventures. The one where the Doctor and Jo are trapped in a waste disposal pipe which is later seen filled with maggots and green slime recreates an exciting moment from 'Fury from the Deep' (Serial "RR"), which did it rather better with foam and seaweed. Other 'lifts' come variously from 'Doctor Who and the Silurians' (Serial "BBB") and 'Inferno' (Serial "DDD"), although Pertwee's forays into fancy dress seem a rather curious, not to say embarrassing, throwback to Patrick Troughton's first season.

BOSS, on the other hand, proves to be rather less a descendant of WOTAN from 'The War Machines' (Serial "BB") than of the megalomaniac computers which would regularly be seen blowing a micro-circuit in 'Star Trek'. "If the next thing I say will be true but the last thing I said was a lie, would you believe me?" shouts Pertwee. The computer conveniently goes bananas. The Doctor escapes its mind control by "working out pi" (how else?).

Early on in episode one, the Brigadier articulates this story's appeal: "But Doctor, this is exactly your cup of tea. This fellow's bright green apparently - and dead!" The Doctor remains unmoved and, mirroring the series' gradual abandonment of the UNIT action-adventure, leaves for the sunny climes of Metabelis Three.

'The Green Death' presents itself as an archetypal UNIT story. But that aspect doesn't really work. UNIT's function was to bring realistic action - physical conflict - into 'Doctor Who'. When the opposition was human, or at least humanoid, this was possible, but it proved difficult enough to engage in fisticuffs with a Daemon or a Dalek, let alone a fuzzy mass of CSO or, as here, three draught excluders dragging themselves across a studio floor. "Well, I'd never have thought I'd fire in anger at a dratted caterpillar!" exclaims the Brigadier; which says it all really. UNIT's icons - jeep, helicopter et al - are still here, but the myth is becoming harder to sustain. Not that Barry Letts and Terrance Dicks ever emphasised UNIT as an impersonal military force. In their hands the characters were always more of an, occasionally adult, Famous Five-cum-drinking club. So it's no surprise to find the Brigadier setting up UNIT HQ in a





local pub. And, dressed in civvies, he resembles more of a country gentleman than the leader of Earth's first line of defence against alien invasion.

'The Green Death' does much to reinforce 'Doctor Who's' early-Seventies image as 'Crossroads in Space'. Our engagement with the characters carries the adventure better than anything the plot has to offer. The Doctor's rivalry with Professor Jones over Jo's affections strikes an amusing and occasionally sentimental chord that culminates in one of the best send-offs for a companion since Susan's farewell in 'The Dalek Invasion of Earth' (Serial "K").

The strength of Barry Letts' and Terrance Dicks' grip on the series' continuity is amply demonstrated and put to good effect in the scenes between Jo and the Nuthutch Professor. They play around with the idea that Jones is a young version of the Doctor, recreating Jo's blundering introduction to him in 'Terror of the Autons' (Serial "EEE"). Jo's description of her work as "holding test-tubes for the Doctor and telling him how brilliant he was" echoes Liz Shaw's criticism reported to the Doctor by the Brigadier in that same story.

The contemporary setting allows Letts and Dicks to comment on something other than British Imperialism. Somewhere in this jigsaw of 'Doctor Who' clichés there is a story to be told about the rise of new technology, the decline of old industries, the destruction of traditional communities and the spectre of unemployment. The vocalised concerns of the story - industry's threat to the environment and the collusion of Government and big business in the rape of Mother Earth - are more firmly rooted in the Seventies. The title of the story itself seems something of a pun on 'green' politics. It would be a mistake to criticise the production team for a lack of nerve because the story fails to live up to the expectations of the 1980s. Today their overtly stated humanism would be enough to brand them as Marxist in the eyes of those right-wing critics who do more to keep the spirit of Stalinism alive than Communism ever could.

That said, the production team did make one or two blunders that result in 'The Green Death' today appearing patronising. The miners are oversentimentalised well beyond the point of embarrassment. "Bert was unique" comforts Professor Jones. "He used to call me Blodwyn" snivels Jo. Barf. The inhabitants of the Nuthutch don't escape either and, against the expressed intentions of the story, make the opponents of ecologically damaging industrial policies look like a bunch of arty-farty drop-outs who would rather join isolated communes than engage in debate with the 'real world'. Amusingly, 'self actualisation' is portrayed as out of step with the commercial world whereas, in fact, such psychological theories have done much to bolster competitive individualism.

For all Barry Letts' and Terrance Dicks' skills in envisioning alien worlds and races, their portrayal of 'the Welsh' doesn't entirely ring true. The references to Winston Churchill (via Stevens' Chamberlainesque promises of "wealth in our time") and the Prince of Wales are seemingly attempts to incorporate the entire Welsh nation into an ill-founded notion of Britishness largely ignored by 'the English' themselves.

The vagaries of memory, coupled with the revulsion which maggots seem to elicit, have gained 'The Green Death' a notoriety it does not entirely deserve. An unashamed action-adventure story in the 'Doctor Who' tradition, it occasionally is rather like looking at an identikit picture, a story pieced together rather than wholly envisaged by Robert Sloman. Six episodes proves rather too long to sustain a morality play in quite the same way a fifty-minute 'Star Trek' episode could. On occasions the visual effects team is equally over-stretched.

In the 1960s, producers like Sydney Newman and Irene Shubik realised that science fiction, indeed television drama in general, could be exciting and challenging viewing. Social comment could be combined with entertainment because it in itself was entertaining. Following this tradition, Barry Letts and Terrance Dicks made 'Doctor Who' good entertainment. For all its faults, 'The Green Death' stands as the archytypal Jon Pertwee story.

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SPACE & TIME

# PRODUCTION OFFICE

## Barry Letts

I used to take a magazine called 'The Ecologist' which, in 1973, brought out a whole issue called 'Blueprint for Survival', that turned out to be one of the seminal documents about conservation. It showed quite clearly that our present world economy must inevitably lead to disaster for the whole human race. Not only are we fast using up irreplaceable resources, such as fossil fuels, but we're also poisoning ourselves with the resulting pollution.

I was so shaken by its arguments that I remember saying to Terrance Dicks, the day after, that I wished I worked in an area of television where I could do something about it. He immediately said, "Well, why don't you? What's to stop us doing a 'Doctor Who' about this very subject?"

The more I thought about it, the more it seemed to be an excellent idea - though of course it would have to be presented in 'Who-ish' terms. We couldn't bend the format so much that it stopped being the sort of 'Doctor Who' story that had been established over the years.

I suggested bringing in Bob Sloman because I knew from working with him before that he was always bubbling over with ideas. He thoroughly enjoyed the brain-storming process of the story conference - though some of his wilder ideas needed a bit of trimming. (In 'The Daemons', when we realised that we couldn't possibly use the Lord's Prayer backwards as part of the black magic ceremony, he had suggested substituting 'Eskimo Nell'. We ended up with 'Mary Had a Little Lamb'!). Bob was as enthusiastic as we were about the project.

In 'The New Scientist' we came across a report of an organisation called BRAD (Biological Research and Development) which was investigating such things as solar heating and electricity from windmills, as an alternative to the destructive ways of producing power spelt out in 'Blueprint for Survival'. So this became the inspiration for the Nuthutch, the alternative community of nuts (in the view of the locals) who were to be our 'goodies'.

Of course, it wasn't obvious at the beginning of the story that the giant multi-national chemical company our nuts were protesting against did in fact represent the 'baddies'. Weren't they building a new factory which would bring jobs for all those thrown out of work by the closing of the pit? But as the story developed it gradually became tragically clear that far from bringing prosperity back to the valley, they were bringing pollution and death.

We had no intention of attacking high technology or big business in themselves, but rather the attitude that the maximisation of profit is the only good; that economic growth must be maintained at all costs; that people don't matter a damn. A total greed is built into the system, as its sole motivation, quite independent of those who are running it. The computer, the BOSS, symbolised the whole dehumanising result of such an attitude. 'He' wanted it all for himself; 'he' wanted the entire world. The machine would have taken over completely. Human beings would have been slaves.

Alternative technology, on the other hand, is to be used in the service of humanity, in the search for a more human way of living. This quest has been a central concern of mine for many years - which is why 'The Green Death' was a quite deliberate piece of propaganda.

We quite expected to get into trouble; that we would have the Norman Tebbits of the time accusing us of being anti-establishment, left wing and subversive. But in the event, we didn't hear a peep from anybody, presumably because we were at the same time telling an intriguing and exciting story. Terrance and I always tried to make each 'Doctor Who' story work on several different levels at once, from a children's show at the bottom to a play of ideas at the top, with a strong drama about real people somewhere in between. Perhaps for once, this got in the way.

The sub-text which was present in most, if not all, of the stories of this period was that the ideal way of living is to be free. Now, by 'free' I don't mean a kind of beat hippy existence, wandering through the world (or the Universe) with no cares or responsibilities, giving way to every impulse. Most of us are so conditioned by our personal histories - our upbringing, our emotional hang ups, our cherished beliefs - that we have very little real freedom of choice. If we can learn to recognise these constraints as they come up in our lives, we have a chance of walking away from them - just as the Doctor did when he first ran away from the rigid world of the Time Lords. Then we can be free to choose for ourselves how to live - and maybe catch a glimpse of the real world behind the appearances. I suppose I'm talking about Zen, really. Or is it just a matter of finding out how to grow up?

Jo Grant grew up in this story, and started to make her own choices. From the moment she turned down the chance to go with the Doctor to Metebelis Three, in order to go and help the Nuthutch protest, she was moving away from the Doctor's influence. In the end she found that she could choose to leave him altogether and marry her Professor.

The Doctor was not pleased at all. It was plain that he was extremely jealous. But it was not nearly so plain why he should be. He was certainly irritated to see his personal assistant being poached from him, but it was also quite clear at the end that he was very sad to lose her. I think this is the only time in the entire 'Doctor Who' saga that we see the Doctor reacting in such a personal way. It felt right to us, somehow.

And why not? After all he's only human...er, Gallifreian...

# DRAGON POWER

## John Bowman

There exists an ancient Chinese art of divination called 'feng-shui' (approximate pronunciation: 'foon-shway'), still widely employed to great effect in the East. This is the art of living in harmony with the land.

It is no superstition; rather, this theory and practice of siting in tune with nature is an attitude to life in the land which has allowed China to feed one of the world's densest populations without violently disrupting the earth. As such, it ties in beautifully with the ideas and aims behind 'The Green Death'.

Combined, feng (wind) and shui (water) express the power of the flowing elements of the natural environment, this power being derived from the flow of energy (ch'i) not only on the surface (fashioned by wind and water) but also through the earth. The Chinese believe that this flow of ch'i alters its course depending on natural or man-made changes to the earth, and the art of feng-shui lies in exploiting good and deflecting bad ch'i.

It should be noted that underground streams are not the same as ch'i. A useful analogy to consider is the flow of ch'i through the body's acupuncture meridians. These are not like blood-vessels but they carry life-energy via their own channels. Just as acupuncturists harness and manipulate the life-energy of a human body, so exponents of feng-shui alter the surface of the body of the earth in order to influence the flow of ch'i via the hidden veins. This can apply not only to the siting of a province or design of a building, but also to the positioning of furniture in a room.

In the West, as much architecture as possible is crammed into a neat grid mercilessly carved out of the ground by bulldozers and no care is taken in the siting of each unit. Mother Nature herself is dissected with no respect: only the practical is emphasised, never the beautiful. The Chinese, however, would no more erect houses or towns which recklessly cut into the landscape's flesh than a surgeon would operate without looking at the patient's body. As such, the Global Chemicals plant in 'The Green Death' is a dangerous intrusion and poses a great threat to the natural splendour of the surrounding countryside. Loose thinking on the part of the heartless, soulless, bureaucratic organisation allows it to feel that what it is doing is 'for the best' - turning a blind eye to the harm caused to the environment, and ignoring the dangers created by the unknown properties of the 'filthy by-products' of the new technology: the earth is being robbed, with nothing to replace that which is taken. The 'efficiency' of Global Chemicals leads to widespread pollution of the environment and a detrimental effect on

nature. Drastic measures are required to restore the balance.

Using feng-shui, an environment free from unease is created. This unease is often associated here in the West with the metropolitan way-of-life (and quite rightly so). As Professor Jones astutely remarks: "Who does like the petrol-stinking, plastic rat-trap life we all live?". The Nuthatch community has, therefore, been set up as a bio-technical research unit with the aim of producing naturally something to benefit the entire world and, in so doing, maintain the delicate equilibrium. Alternative technology is recognised to be the only proper way forward, ensuring man is in harmony with his environment.

In short, 'The Green Death' makes us witness to a monumental battle between the natural forces of good and evil; on the one hand we have the hope and promise provided by pollution-free energy (from the sun, wind and waves) and high-protein fungus which will end all the world's food problems, while on the other we have, pitted against them, man's greed for power, to which end he will over-work the environment so that it is damaged - sometimes irreparably.

An environment whose 'atmosphere' has been tarnished by human or natural conflicts can often be restored using feng-shui. Once again, if this seems too implausible, remember the acupuncture analogy whereby an ill body can have its good health restored by manipulation of the acupuncture meridians. It cannot be denied that the medical efficacy of acupuncture has been acknowledged ever since it was introduced from the East. The destruction of Global Chemicals' refinery (whose siting has been out-of-tune with and so upset nature) is therefore necessary to restore the peace and balance of natural harmony.

This continued parallel between body and earth is not as trite as it may at first seem, for it corresponds with the Chinese vision of the wholeness of the Universe. There are no harsh divisions such as in Western theology (between matter and spirit) or science (between the living and the dead). Feng-shui experts regard existence as a continuum in much the same way as Carl Gustav Jung (the Swiss founder of analytic psychology) saw the Universe as an external macrocosmic world being reflected in the internal microcosmic world - "As above, so below". The entire Universe is, in fact, viewed by the Chinese as a living organism, with life pulsing through the winds, waters, earth and rocks as well as that which is normally defined biologically as 'living'.

Paul Wheatley, in 'Pivot of the Four Quarters' (Aldine Press, Chicago, 1971) considered feng-shui to be an "astro-biological mode of thought", but Steven J Bennett, in his article 'Patterns of the Sky and the Earth: the

Chinese Science of Applied Cosmology' ('Chinese Science' Volume 3, University of Pennsylvania, 1978) preferred to call it "astro-ecology". This, however, does not cover all the aspects of feng-shui.

Although China is largely an agricultural land, this does not mean that the advice of feng-shui could not be applied in the West. The Eastern art of yoga has long been accepted here as being capable of developing the life-force in man; why not so feng-shui with the earth? Stevens, after all, finally admits that what he is doing is fundamentally wrong. "There must be another way," he cries out in anguish and despair: the message to us all being to trust and follow our natural instincts and not ignore them. Man cannot deny the presence of certain natural forces; it is why people feel 'at home' in one environment but not necessarily so in another. The forces of nature cannot be ignored.

Interestingly, the colour green is considered in feng-shui to be conducive to a quiet, relaxing atmosphere, as well as symbolising peace and eternity. It is, after all, the colour of nature. The use of the colour green in the story to demonstrate the horrors which man can (and does) inflict upon his own environment is, therefore, intriguing. What was the production team trying to tell us? Undoubtedly that we have a choice in how we use our resources.

It is the Doctor who realises that the only real answer to the problem is with a biological counter-strike: to fight nature with nature in order to restore the balance. The forces of nature are thereby appeased and the natural equilibrium is restored. Work can commence on healing the wound wrought on nature, and we are left with the proof that man is not punished for his actions but <u>by</u> them.

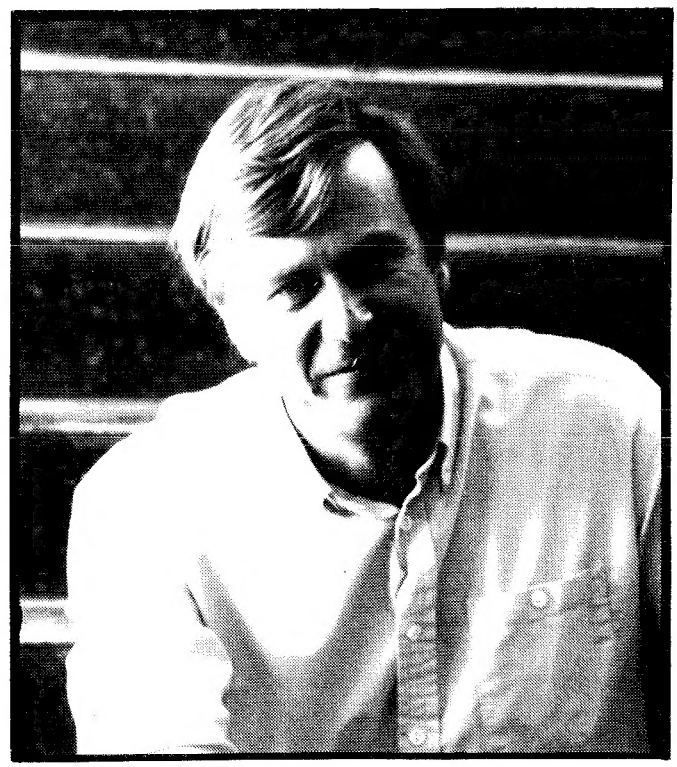
# IN CONVERSATION WITH MICHAEL BRIANT

<u>On location filming at the mine in Deri</u>:

"We were allowed to film in the head of the mine, and the Coal Board did let us use the cages, but only to send people down to the bottom and then back up again. We weren't allowed to shoot in the mine itself because of all the risks, which was a shame because originally I'd planned to shoot a lot of footage underground. I even got to go right up to a coal face, walking bent double along a very narrow passage for nearly a mile, to see it all working. But you have to understand that mines are very dangerous places to be, and the restrictions put on you are enormous. For instance, you have to use special, totally sealed lights with no electrical connections, because one spark could ignite a pocket of methane gas. You can't use cameras run from a battery either, for similar reasons. You have to use ones wound by clock-work."

<u>On casting Stewart Bevan</u>:

"I needed a guy, a Welsh hippy character who could play the guitar, possibly sing a bit, and was an actor of an age where he could carry Katy Manning off into the sunset. Quite early on, somebody said, 'Katy's got a boyfriend called Stewart who's an actor and could do the part', and I said 'No', not wanting to get involved with any off-screen romances, that have been known to cause problems on a set. I interviewed literally dozens of people, all with absolutely no success whatsoever, and after a week or two I was starting to get desperate. None of the people I'd seen combined all the things I was looking for. So, feeling I had nothing to lose, I reluctantly agreed to see Stewart Bevan. And the minute he walked in the door, I



knew he was absolutely right for the part."

On the hiring of two film cameramen:

"That was simply because there was too much film in 'The Green Death' for Bill Matthews, the main cameraman, to do it on his own. I got Ken Lowe along to do a lot of Second Unit shots, lined up and sometimes even directed by my P.A. So each day you had two separate film Units operating in tandem, Ken's team usually responsible for establishing or long-distance shots. For example, Ken did the 'pretty' shot at the end with the Doctor driving along the horizon. He spent four hours one afternoon setting it all up once I'd worked out where the sun would set that evening. I wanted a shot of a big red orb going down with the silhouette of this little black car passing in front of it. Ken set the shot up while I went off and directed the other Unit, so by the time I returned we were all ready to film as the sun went down. I didn't get quite what I wanted, but it was close enough."

On Metabelis Three:

"Those scenes were shot directly outside the Deri mine in a tiny little quarry we'd decorated with tinsel and silver paper. We did several low-angle takes of Jon climbing along what appeared to be a cliff edge, looking as though he's clinging on for grim death when in face he was only three inches above the ground. He hated every second of that because there were coachloads of kids there who'd arrived to watch the filming, all sitting on the edges of the quarry, watching Jon maniacally acting away, falling over with laughter."

On shooting out of sequence:

"I came to prefer shooting scenes out of order, mainly because it's economical in terms of money and time. On 'The Green Death', for instance, the computer set was very complicated to assemble, so it made sense to do all the shots for part four as inserts during the recording of part five. Electronic editing was well-established by then, so there were never any technical problems doing 'Doctor Who' that way. There can, however, be some contractual problems. For example, say you have an actor in only one episode doing a scene in the lounge and a scene in the kitchen. If you decide to shoot the kitchen on Monday and the lounge on Friday, that actor is then entitled to pick up quite a lot of money for doing really very little, because you have to pay him retainer fees for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Extrapolate that figure over, perhaps, six weeks and a dozen actors and you can start running into budget problems."

On bombing maggots:

"When we set off to do 'The Green Death', the RAF had agreed and were all geared up to send across a squadron of 'Phantoms', or whatever, and fly several low level passes over the slag heap so I could get some dramatic shots of these aircraft with the Brigadier and the troops in the foreground. Then a problem with the Ministry of Defence cropped up; there'd been budget cuts and so courtesy low-level training flights over slag heaps were the first things to go. Now, of course, I hadn't any budget to afford the hire of a fighter plane, in fact I had hardly any budget left at all. We discussed, for a while, using tanks, but the Army wouldn't play ball. So in the end, out of desperation, I discovered I could just about afford a two-seater helicopter for one hour's flying time. We found one of these based a quarter of an hour away, so that meant we could only shoot the helicopter on location for half an hour.

"The next problem was, we didn't have any weaponry for it. We couldn't afford prop missile or rocket launchers, so we settled for suggesting the dropping of napalm bombs. That was great, except we didn't have any money for napalm bombs either. I think I'd just about exhausted all my ideas when Ron Oates jumped up and said "Ballcocks". Appartenly Ron had acquired, from somewhere, one hundred and fifty ballcocks, and he figured out that if he attached the tops of darts to the screw fittings, we'd have our set of fairly convincing bombs. I'm sure if you went back to that slag heap today you'd probably find one or two of these modified ballcocks that our AFM dutifully dropped out of the helicopter during its half hour bombing run."

On making the giant maggots:

"I think the design of the maggots was quite a good contribution to that show. Normally with a monster, you plan one design, depending on what the thing has to do, and that's it. With the maggots, the original idea was just to build one sort, perhaps a glove puppet or a string puppet, and be stuck with the limitations of whatever it could do. But then we thought, 'What if we make a range of maggots, one each to overcome every effect they have to do?' So when you look at the show, you don't know how all the tricks are done. It isn't all 'Chromakey', it isn't all stick puppetry. The maggot effects were done in about four or five different ways, including using live maggots for some shots."

On blue crystals:

"The dehypnotising process was done using 'Mirrorlon', a reflective plastic material you can stretch taut over a frame until it resembles a smooth mirror. I remember I had a blurred shot of a light shining through a pinhole aperture which I faded in over the 'Mirrorlon' reflection of the actor. Then all you did was gently push the mirror from behind to make it distort, and key a blue colour in over the whole picture. Simple, but very effective. Even simpler were the halo-shaped rainbow oscilloscope patterns which we mixed around Jon Pertwee's head while the computer was attempting to brainwash him."

On Charwomen and Milkmen:

"These were totally Jon's ideas which, against my better judgment, I let him get away with. I think the script mentioned only the Doctor slipping back into 'Global Chemicals' and hiding in a cupboard. The charwoman scene was, I think, the last one of the day, which is probably the only reason why I let him do it. Jon slipped away and came back a while later in full camp drag with this outrageous make-up job. And by the time Richard Franklin added his 'I like your handbag' ad-lib, things had got totally out of control.

"I hadn't expected, when we set up the milk cart scenes, that Jon would use one of his funny voices. I was more concerned with the later shots of him careering away with crates and milk bottles flying everywhere - which is very difficult to do on those carts. I think in the end we had to attach piano wire to pull the crates off the back."

On the making of the fly:

"We ran out of time shooting the fly, which is a pity as it was a beautifully constructed model. We'd originally planned to do the attack on 'Bessie' all on location, flying it on wires strung between two tripod scaffolds, but as soon as the wind hit the fly it just spun round and round and was totally unfilmable. So we compromised and did it in the studio, using a bicycle pump filled with green mushy-pea soup to fire its venom."

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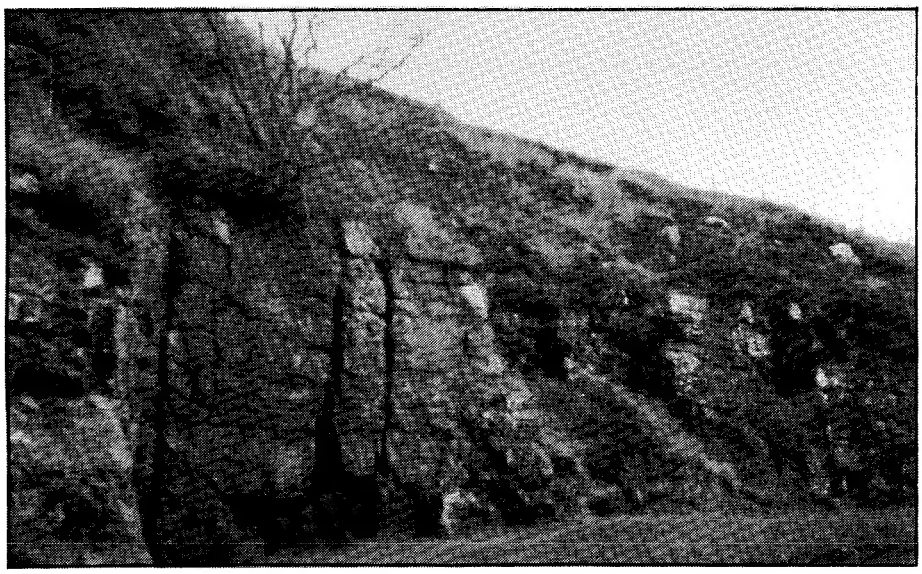
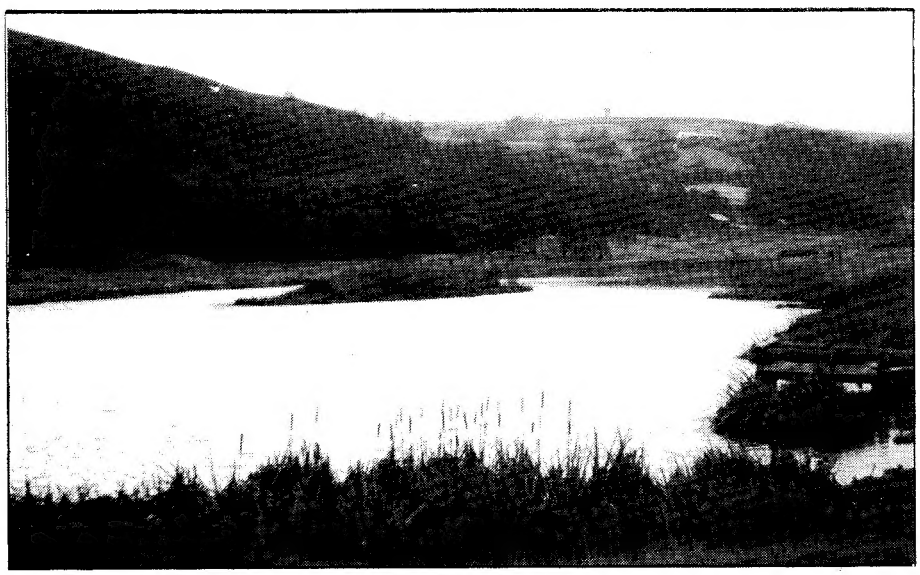
BELOW: The Doctor disguises himself as a cleaning woman

# ON LOCATION

LEFT: The old farm building which appeared as the 'Nuthutch' in 'The Green Death'.

RIGHT: This rock-face is where the Metabelis Three cliff scene was filmed.





LEFT: All that remains today of the Deri mine. The tunnels are still there - beneath the water.

# TECHNICAL NOTES

## Jeremy Bentham

Handed a full set of six rehearsal scripts right on the first day of work on 'The Green Death', Director Michael Briant had ample opportunity to plan and set up a production rich in location work and special effects.

The effects requirements on this serial made it one of the most technically demanding 'Doctor Who's ever attempted. Amongst other things, the script called for: three explodable model stages (the Global Chemicals factory, the pithead and the collapsing mine tunnel); a giant fly puppet; a talking mainframe computer; a number of explosions; and a whole host of working-prop maggots. To realise all these effects, Michael Briant argued for, and got, a team of three effects designers: Colin Mapson, Richard Conway and, in charge, Ron Oates.

Some corners were cut quite easily. A bulk purchase from the 'Century 21' organisation (see 'Frontier in Space' (Serial "QQQ")) had netted the BBC a lot of high-tech props originally used in Gerry Anderson's 'UFO' series. Thus, with the single exception of a large CSO screen, the set for the BOSS computer room was an amalgam of stock designed for 'Skydiver', 'Moonbase' and 'SHADO HQ'.

One task not tackled by the BBC themselves was the redesigning of the Doctor's car, 'Bessie'. A custom 'kit' car, 'Bessie' had suffered many mechanical problems since her debut on the show, due mainly to the ageing nature of her 'Ford Popular' engine. Although she had broken down several times during filming of 'The Three Doctors' (Serial "RRR"), her popularity with viewers and her usefulness in publicising the series around the country made Barry Letts wary about writing her out. The alternative was a complete refit. 'Bessie' was thus returned to 'Glentura Plastics', where she was given an extended chassis, a new gearbox and a larger capacity engine. This, in turn, meant that new bodywork parts were required, in particular a more rounded saddle bonnet. Fully resprayed, 'Bessie' was back at the BBC in time for the location filming on 'The Green Death', where her new-found speed and handling delighted Jon Pertwee.

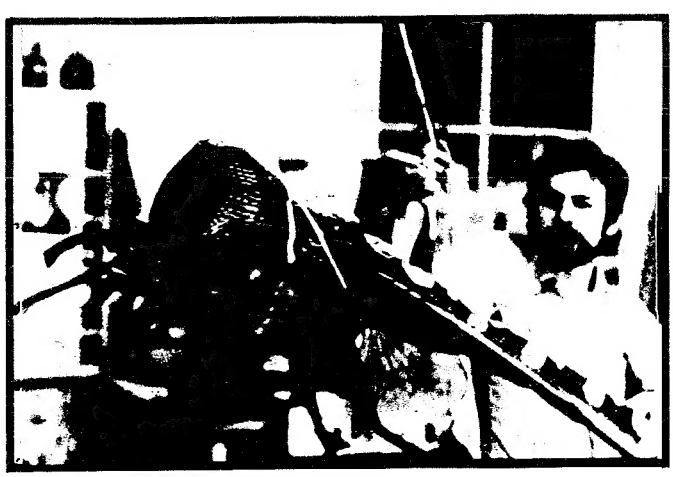
The location picked for 'The Green Death' was Deri, South Wales, not far from Merthyl Tydfil, where all four of the script's main requirements could be found within a ten mile radius. Despite its closed-down appearance in the story, the Deri pit was a fully operational mine, its main attraction to the film crew being the large pithead lift wheels - the mandatory TV symbol of mining. The 'Global Chemicals' factory was the newly-opened Scotch computer- and audio-tape manufacturing plant, while the 'Nuthutch' was a nearby farm. Metabelis Three was created in the cliché 'Doctor Who' venue, a quarry.

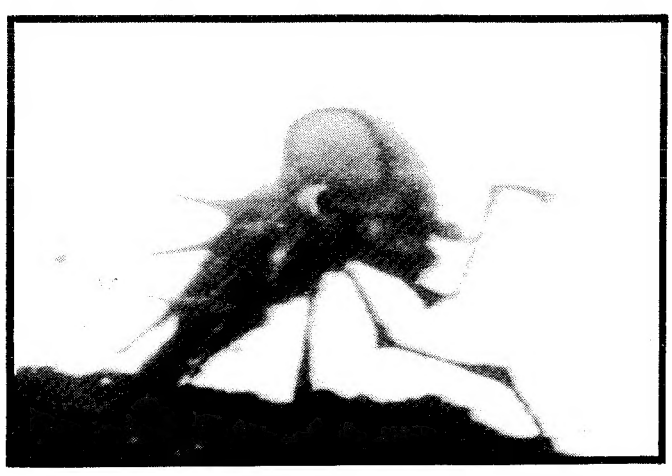
The Metabelis shoot needed the most setting up. A stock set of giant claws (from 'The Goodies') was slid along pulleys, hung from horizontally-strung wires, to achieve the illusion of a giant bird swooping down towards the Doctor. The tentacle which attacked him was a cable-controlled prop, also from stock. To fulfil the script's instruction for a sparkling planet surface, Briant's team covered the whole area in tinsel, foil and other highly-reflective materials, then shot the scenes under powerful arc lamps, using star filters on the camera lenses to give a twinkling radiance to all the reflections. The blue tint over the finished, edited footage was added during studio recording with the aid of a Colour Synthesiser.

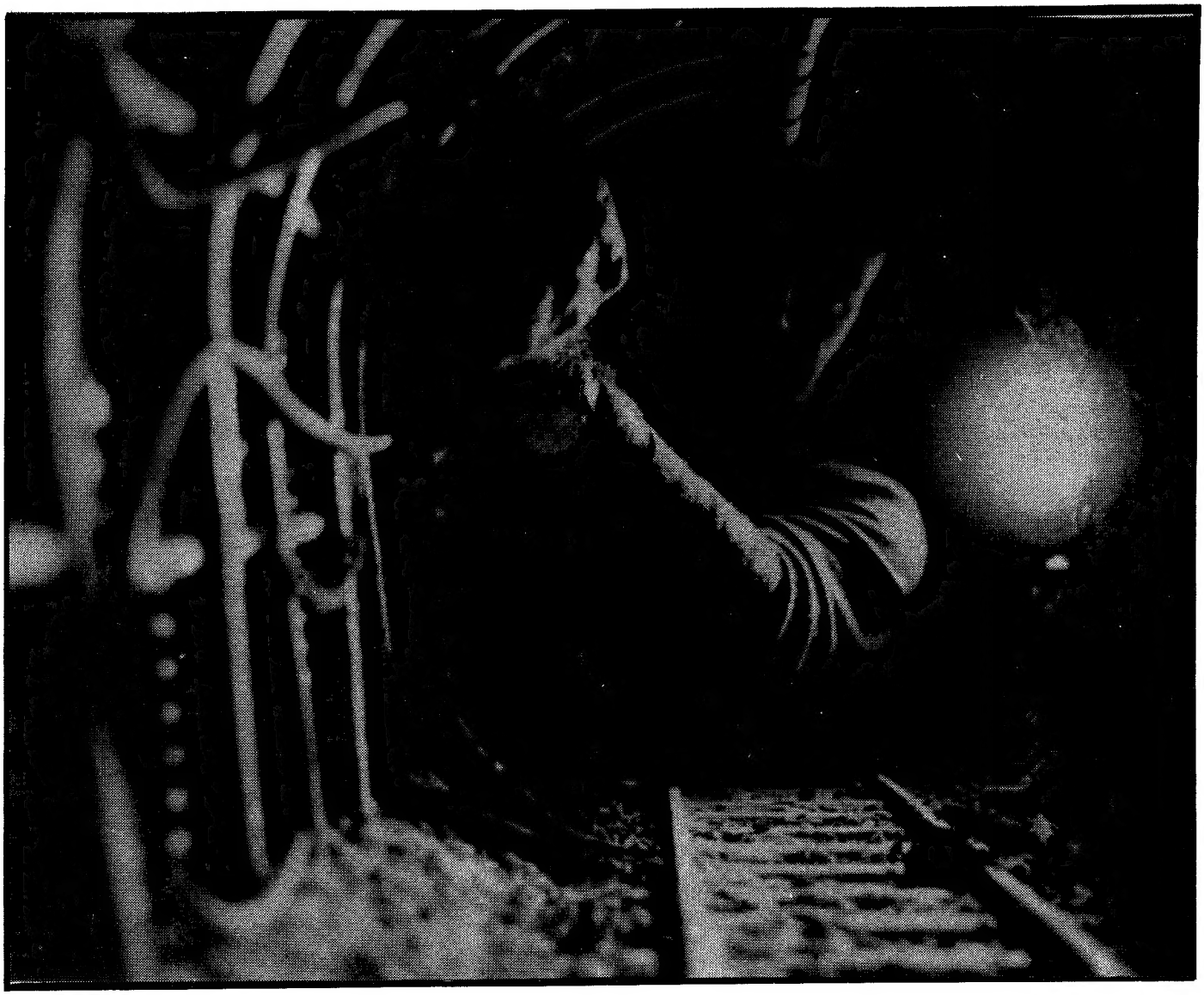
Star filters were also used in the recording studio for all the underground scenes. NCB regulations prohibited location filming in the mine shafts themselves, hence these scenes had to be achieved with the aid of CSO back at the TV Centre. Only two tunnel sets were built; the remaining backgrounds, different perspectives, angle shots and so on were all done using mixed-feed CSO (see 'The Mutants' (Serial "NNN")) to build up composite images of black backgrounds with maggot pools, lift shafts, rock walls and the like keyed in as required.

Studio recording took place in three blocks - April 2nd-

LEFT: Ron Oates completes construction work on the puppet fly.
RIGHT: The fly in action in the story.







ABOVE: Ron Oates works on the model tunnel set.

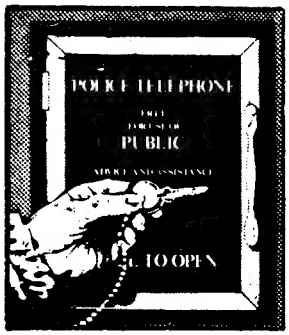
3rd, April 16th-17th and April 29th-30th - all in Studio TC3. Much of the shooting was done out of order using the rehearse/record technique (i.e. rehearsing each scene and recording it immediately afterwards, before moving on to the next one). This was a new departure for 'Doctor Who', which in the past had almost always relied on shooting episodes in script order, rehearsing during the daytime and recording in the evening. The new technique was employed simply because it was the only way Michael Briant could manage to squeeze in all the scenes which, for time reasons, he had been unable to complete on location.

To create the appearance of the Green Death infection itself, Briant experimented with Front Axial Projection - that is, shining a bright light onto a scene such that it gives highly reflective surfaces a 'glowing' appearance but is unnoticeable on the surrounding areas. A standard effects technique in the film industry, FAP had been little used in television because of the different lighting constraints. Briant found, however, that, with a little co-operation between lighting and engineering crews, it was possible to bring down the studio lights and increase the brightness of the camera picture to the point where a Front Axial Projection effect was possible, given the right reflective surface - in this case the 'Scotchlite' material often used on fire extinguishers and road signs. For the early episodes of the story, Make-up used heavy applications of latex and 'Scotchlite' powder for the 'infected' characters, and the pulsing reflection was achieved by the use of a green spotlight mounted parallel to the receiving camera lens. By episodes five and six, further experimentation had shown that equally dramatic effects could be obtained with a much thinner application of the glycerine and 'Scotchlite' paste, hence why Cliff's infection looked more convincing than that of the miner, Hughes.

A small in-joke was included in the story, as Barry Letts explains: "At one point we had the Brigadier trying to call on the Government for help in stopping the chemical group. He gets through to the Minister for Ecology during a Cabinet meeting, who then hands the 'phone to the Prime Minister saying something like, 'Wretched fellow obviously needs a kick up the backside. Would you care to administer, Sir Jeremy?'. This was our way of suggesting that the next party in office might be the Liberals, then under the leadership of Jeremy Thorpe."

All concerned with the making of the story were delighted with the end result, including writer Robert Sloman who cites it as the best of the scripts he provided for 'Doctor Who'. Jon Pertwee recalls that the sets were superb, and adds: "It was a marvellous story, one of the best I did. But I can't say that I enjoyed making it - we were all very upset that Katy Manning was going."

Part six of 'The Green Death' brought to an end the twenty-six episode run of the tenth season. 'Doctor Who' would return on 15th December 1973 with the first episode of a story called 'The Time Warrior'.




# PRODUCTION CREDITS

## Stephen James Walker

SERIAL "TTT" — COLOUR

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| PART 1 | Duration 25' 55" | 19th. May 1973 |
| PART 2 | Duration 25' 55" | 26th. May 1973 |
| PART 3 | Duration 25' 12" | 2nd. June 1973 |
| PART 4 | Duration 25' 47" | 9th. June 1973 |
| PART 5 | Duration 25' 20" | 16th. June 1973 |
| PART 6 | Duration 26' 06" | 23rd. June 1973 |

### CAST

STARRING:
Doctor Who.....Jon Pertwee
Jo Grant.....Katy Manning
Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart.....Nicholas Courtney

FEATURING:
Stevens.....Jerome Willis
Professor Clifford Jones.....Stewart Bevan
Bert.....Roy Evans
Captain Mike Yates.....Richard Franklin
Sergeant Benton.....John Levene
Voice of BOSS.....John Dearth

WITH:
Hinks.....Ben Howard
Mark Elgin.....Tony Adams
Dai Evans.....Mostyn Evans
Nancy.....Mitzi McKenzie
Dave Davie.....Talfryn Thomas
Ted Hughes.....John Scott Martin

Wholeweal Members:
Lotus Position Girl.....Jean Channon
Sculptor.....Ken Hanniwell
Long-haired Boy.....Keith Norrish
Hippy Girl.....Alison Daumler
Hippy Boy.....Robert Birmingham
Flautist.....Jessica Stanley-Clarke
Girl.....Lyn Melly

Cabinet Minister.....Evan Ross
Prime Minister, Sir Jeremy.....Brychan Powell
Yates' Guard.....Brian Justice
Guard at Main Gate.....Terry Walsh
Cleaner.....Jean Burgess
Security Guards.....Steve Ismay, Pat Gorman
Dennis Plenty, Leslie Bates
UNIT Men.....Leslie Bates, David Billa
Milkman.....Ray Handy
Villagers.....Sonny Willis, Reg Cranfield
Miners.....Frank Seton, David Waterman
Ralph Fell.....John Rolfe
UNIT Radio and Tannoy Voices.....John Dearth
Doctor Who's Double.....Terry Walsh
Stunt Guards.....Billie Horrigan, Alan Chuntz
Terry Walsh

Minister of Ecology.....Richard Beale
James.....Roy Skelton
Extras in film sequences.....David Braddick
John Jeffries, Wayne Warlow
Roger Mundy, Laurie Boyton
Frank Darroch, Mansel Wilks
Vincent Gardener, Jill Alexandra
Rendle Morris, Gordon Cecil
Michael Cunningham, Geoffrey Morgan
Tricia Selby

### TECHNICAL CREDITS

Production Assistant.....John Harris
Assistant Floor Manager.....Karilyn Collier
Director's Assistant.....Brenda Loader
Technical Manager 1.....Mike Jefferies
Technical Manager 2.....Fred Wright
Terry Wild, Tommy Dawson
Sound Supervisor.....Richard Chubb
Grams Operator.....Gerry Borrows
Crew.....No. 10
Senior Cameraman.....Peter Granger
Vision Mixer.....John Gorman
Floor Assistant.....James Piner
Film Cameramen.....Bill Matthews, Ken Lowe
Film Sound.....Simon Wilson
Film Editor.....Alastair Mackay
Visual Effects.....Ron Oates
Colin Mapson, Richard Conway
Fight Arranger.....Terry Walsh
Inlay Operators.....Nick Rodger, Geoff Vian
Costumes.....Barbara Kidd
Make-up.....Ann Rayment
Incidental Music.....Dudley Simpson
Special Sound.....Dick Mills
Script Editor.....Terrance Dicks
Designer.....John Burrowes
Producer.....Barry Letts

## DIRECTOR:

## MICHAEL BRIANT

## BBCtv 1973

The Doctor emerged from the 'Nuthutch', closing the door behind him, and made his way up the grass bank to the road. The sounds of laughter and music drifted through the warm evening air as, back in the house, the party got into full swing. Climbing into Bessie, the Time Lord started the engine and engaged the gear. As the sun set over Llanfairfach he set off on the long journey back to London, alone.